

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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POETRY.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
Climbing over the garden wall
Bounding through the busy street,
Knocking over the old and frail,
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay,
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
Fraternal eloquence and wild,
What is said, and what is sung
By thy happy, joyous child,
Catch the word whilst yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken,
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
Breathing soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Exercising every word,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

"Young man, it is useless to urge this matter. In declining your offer of an alliance with my family, I am in earnest."
"I am not content with a simple rejection of my suit, Mr. Carlton. I give reasons for my own conduct, and like to have reason for all acts affecting myself. Will you say why I am not worthy to claim the hand of one whose heart I already possess? Is not my family as good as yours?"

The young man spoke eagerly, while his brows were knit and his eyes firmly fixed on those of the person of whom he addressed. "William," said Mr. Carlton manifesting a good deal of excitement as he spoke, "I do not recognize your right to demand of me reasons for my conduct. I will say, however, that the happiness of my child is in my keeping as a natural right, and I am bound to protect her in every possible way. I only regard her happiness when I decline the offer made for her hand. I know the heart of Jessie well, and know that if committed to her, she will be a broken heart in less than five years—it may be in less than one."

"I love your daughter, Mr. Carlton," replied the young man to this. "Why should I break the heart of one I love?"
"William," said Mr. Carlton, "you fall upon the heart as a blight, not a blessing. I know you well, your principles and your life—both are bad."

A red spot burned on the young man's cheek, and his eyes flashed. But Mr. Carlton looked calmly at him.
"Think," he added, "picture to yourself one of your companions in vice approaching your own sister, and offering the love of his corrupt heart. Would you not step between abandoned as you are, and risk your very life, rather than permit the sacrifice?"

"Mr. Carlton," said Levering, "I cannot permit you nor any one else, to insult and outrage me in this way."
"As you like," returned the other, coldly. "You ask reasons for my conduct but are not willing to hear them."

For a short time there was a silence, the young man standing in an attitude of irresolution. Then mattering something in an undertone, he retired from the presence of Mr. Carlton.

A few hours afterwards, a servant tapped softly at the chamber door of Miss Carlton, the young lady referred to in the brief conversation just given.

"What do you want, Philip?" asked Jessie, as she opened the door.
The servant slipped a note into her hand, with an air of secrecy, and then retired.

Quickly re-entering her room, and turning the key, Jessie broke the envelope of the billet she had received, and read what was written within. The communication was from her lover.

"I have seen your father," said he, "as you so earnestly desired and the result of the interview is just what I expected. He was not content with an angry denial of my suit, but threw me off with sneering insult. He says I cannot make you happy. He knows how ardently I desire to fill your cup with joy, even until it overruns the brim. If the passionate love of a sincere heart can make you happy, Jessie, then your whole life will be blessed. I cannot imagine the ground of his dislike towards me. I have never injured him nor his family. The opposition on his part makes me wretched. Are we then, to remain ever separated? or

will you leave all, and throw yourself in my arms? I shall wait your answer to this in the widest impudence. When you have made up your mind, place your answer in the hands of Philip. He will keep your secret inviolate; for he is under obligations to me of the strongest character."

"My heart is wholly yours," wrote Jessie in reply.
"Shall heart and person be longer separated?" answered Levering. "To-morrow week I hear your father will leave home, and be gone several days. This I learn from Philip. What better opportunity to pass from his protection to mine?"

"Two days elapsed, and then the maiden wrote—'Let it be as you desire.'"

Weak and foolish maiden! In that decision how much was involved! Not the happiness of a day or a year, but it might be a whole lifetime.

What Mr. Carlton had said to Levering of his life and principles was true. Both were bad and very bad. He did not truly love Jessie, for that he was incapable. No man who lacks virtue can love a woman truly. It is a moral impossibility.

Levering had first turned his thoughts to marriage because it was necessary, as he said to himself, to form such an alliance. He belonged to a wealthy family, and by marrying into a family of equal wealth and standing, he would take proper care of the future. Of course he must have a beautiful and accomplished wife. In looking around him no one struck the young man's fancy so strongly as Jessie Carlton; and, after weighing all in favor and against her family, decided to storm the citadel of her heart.

Handsome, intelligent, and with good address, he was not long in making the impression he desired. Jessie Carlton's heart was quickly won.

Philip, a servant in the family of Mr. Carlton, whom Levering had secured to his interest, was informed of the intended elopement, and employed to give such aid as his position would afford. Of course the utmost secrecy was enjoined on him, and his faithfulness was sought to be secured by threats as well as promises. But Philip, found it hard to bear up alone under a secret of such great importance; he wanted one to share with him the heavy burden. So, confiding in the discretion of another servant in the house, he divulged to her, after first obtaining her promise not to betray what he was about to communicate, the fact of Jessie's intended flight.

On the night previous to the day on which Mr. Carlton was to leave, he sat up late, engaged in writing. It was past eleven o'clock when there was a light tap at the door which was opened immediately, and a female servant, glided in noiselessly, softly closing the door after her.

"Well, Hannah!" said he in a voice of inquiry, as she approached him, in a somewhat agitated manner.

"Mr. Carlton," she at length said, "oh, I have something dreadful to tell you."

"For Heaven's sake, Hannah, speak out quickly then. What has happened?" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, agitated in turn.

"Nothing has happened yet; but, if you go away to-morrow, it will happen. Oh, sir, do not go away."

"Hannah, what is the meaning of this? Speak out plainly at once."

"Miss Jessie—"

"Jessie! What of her?"

"She is going off with Mr. Levering."

"When? Where is she?" The father was on his feet, and moving towards the door.

"Speak, girl!"

"Oh, sir, don't be frightened said Hannah, 'tis 'till to-night. Miss Jessie is in her room. I have only come to tell you about it in time."

"Ah! thank you, my faithful Hannah," said Mr. Carlton, and he turned, and he had been writing at down again.

"Now," he added, "tell me all you know about this matter."

"All I know," replied Hannah, "I got to-day from Philip. He told me he has been carrying letters from Mr. Levering to Jessie and back again, for some time, and that it is all arranged for her to go off with him, just at day-light, the morning after you leave home."

"Can it be possible! Mad girl!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, passionately. "And are you sure of all this, Hannah?"

"Phillip told me, and I am afraid it is all true."

"Very well, Hannah. I thank you for my heart for this act of duty. You have saved Jessie, it may be, from a lifetime of misery. Mr. Levering is a bad man, and if she marries him, he will make her wretched. Foolish, foolish girl. Could she not believe her father?"

After some further conference, the girl left the room, and Mr. Carlton closing his secretary, walked the floor for the space of an hour or so retiring. On the next day, greatly to the surprise of Hannah, he left home at the time previously appointed.

No sleep weighed down the eyelids of Jessie Carlton during the night that succeeded. Though the long hours that intervened from the time the family retired until the hand of Aurora gently raised the curtain of darkness from the east, she either walked the floor of her chamber or lay wakeful upon the bed. At early dawn, she was to pass from beneath her father's roof and from under his protection, committing unto another her destiny. Well might her heart tremble and grow faint as she tried to look into the dark future; well might she shrink back, half repented, and hesitate about the step she had resolved to take. The silent midnight gives to the wakeful solemn thoughts. Such thoughts came to Jessie; and, as the winds sighed between the trees or moaned beneath the leaves it seemed as if a spirit were addressing her in tones of warning.

At last, a feeble line of light was seen upon the horizon; and it gradually widened until the dawn appeared. Hurriedly throwing a shawl around her, Jessie stood for some minutes near the window, as if awaiting an

expected signal. Presently, a hand was laid upon the lock. Silently crossing the room, she opened the door. Philip stood there with his fingers on his lips.

"Is it all right?" asked Jessie, in a low, agitated whisper.

"All is right," returned the man. "Be quick; he is waiting for you."

Gliding through the door, Jessie went noiselessly down stairs. As she passed into the open air, Levering received her, handing, as he did so, a purse of money to the treacherous servant as his promised reward.

A few minutes prior to this, a scene more exciting took place a short distance from the mansion of Mr. Carlton, where a carriage stood in waiting for the fugitive. The driver had left his box, and was standing near his horses, when suddenly, a man was by his side, pistol in hand, uttering, in a low, peremptory voice, "Silent and you are safe."

The driver started back a few paces in alarm, while the stranger who had presented his weapon kept it directed towards him.

"Now leave these grounds as quick as you can go," said the intruder.

The driver hesitated, when the sharp click of a pistol lock was heard.

"Go, instantly," repeated the man. "Your horses and carriage are safe. You will find them at the Stag and Hound in an hour from this. Now go, if you set the value of a hair upon your life!"

The driver by this time thoroughly alarmed, fled. As soon as he left the ground the stranger mounted the box and grasped the reins. Hardly had he taken his place, ere Levering and Jessie appeared, and hurriedly entered the carriage.

"Where do you say I must drive?" inquired the man, leaning over from the box.

"To Mr. Liston's. And see that no grass grows beneath your horses' feet."

The man spoke sharply to the spirited animals and away they dashed at full speed.

Liston, was a minister who had been engaged to perform the marriage ceremony for Levering and Jessie. He lived in a town which lay a short distance from the beautiful country residence of Mr. Carlton. In a few minutes the horses were reined up at the dwelling of the minister, when Levering sprang from the carriage; and lifting Jessie, as she attempted to descend, actually bore her in his arms across the pavement and into the house. Just as the fugitives disappeared, another vehicle drove up at a rapid pace. The self-constituted driver of Levering's left his own horse, and hurrying to the door of the second carriage, spoke rapidly a few words to some one within, then turning away entered the minister's house, and throwing off his rough hat and coat in the hall, presented the figure of a well dressed gentleman. For a few moments, he stood as if awaiting some one, while his car was bent towards the door of the room that opened from the passage, to hear what was going on within. Then he placed his hand upon the door, and gently pushing it open he entered. The young couple were already on the floor; and the minister in his robes stood before them ready to commence the ceremony. So softly had the stranger entered, that no one had perceived his presence but the minister who did not permit the intrusion to interfere with what he was doing. He began, and progressed until he came to that part of the ceremony in which it is demanded of those present to show cause why the parties about to be joined in holy wedlock cannot lawfully enter into that state, when the door of the room was suddenly thrown open, and a woman rushed in, exclaiming, "I forbid the bans!"

"Who are you, and by what right do you forbid them?" enquired the minister in an agitated voice.

Levering and Jessie started at the unexpected interruption; and turning, looked in astonishment both at the woman and the man.

"Miss Carlton," said the woman, coming up to Jessie, and grasping her arm, "you have no right to this man; he belongs to me by a prior claim that I will not see cancelled. There is your natural protector"—and she drew her, with a sudden jerk, across the room toward the man who had just entered before her—"your father." And in Heaven's name let not a man like this tempt you thus madly to his side again!"

Jessie scarcely heard the closing words of the sentence. Overcome by so dreadful a termination of her elopement, she sank into the arms of her father—for it was he who had driven her to the minister's.

Before the vile companion of his unbridled hours, Levering stood, for a few moments covered with shame and confusion.

"Now go, young man," said Mr. Carlton, firmly, as he escorted the form of his child; "go with this frail unhappy creature whom you have reduced from virtue to a level with yourself. Go, consort with her as your equal but dream not again of an alliance with the pure being I have saved from your unlawful grasp. She can never be yours. If, before you could deceive her into the belief that you were an angel of light, the power of deception is now gone, for you now stand before her in all your native corruption and deformity. Go, sir."

Confounded by a denunciation so painful and humiliating, Levering, as soon as he could collect his bewildered senses, sprung from the room. As he gained the open air, the driver who had been so suddenly deprived of his carriage, came up. Levering hurriedly entered the vehicle, exclaiming—"Drive me home!"

The man needed not a second invitation to mount his box. Quick as thought he had the reins in his hands, and the horses were soon springing before him at a gallop.

The reader, doubtless, understands all this without further explanation, and Levering had but few inquiries to make ere he comprehended the whole affair to more than his entire satisfaction. As for Jessie, she, too, understood enough to make her heart sink in her bosom and tremble, whenever she thought of the narrow escape she had made from an alliance that could only have produced wretched-

ness, if it would not have borne her down to the grave in a few years, with a broken heart.

THE FIRST OYSTER-EATER.

FROM "PRIMAVERA," BY FREDERICK COZZENS.

The impenetrable evil of antiquity hangs over the antediluvian oyster, but the geological finger-post points to the testifying fossil. We might, in pursuing this subject sail upon the broad pinnacles of conjecture into the remote, or flutter with lighter wings in the regions of fable, but it is unnecessary: the mysterious passages of Nature are ever opening freshly around us, and in her story volumes, amid the celestial strata, we behold the precious mollusc—the primeval bivalve.

"Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,"

Yet of this early history we know nothing. Etymology throws but little light upon the matter. In vain have we carried our researches into the vernacular of the maritime Phœnicians, or sought it amid the fragments of Chaldean and Assyrian lore. To no purpose have we analyzed the roots of the comprehensive Hebrew, or lost ourselves in the baffling labyrinths of Oriental Sanscrit. The history of the ancient oyster is written in no language, except the universal idiom of the secondary strata.

Nor is this surprising in a philosophical point of view. Setting aside the pre-Adamic, and taking Adam as the first name-giver, when we reflect that Adam lived in Eden, and therefore never saw the succulent periphery in its native mud, we may deduce this reasonable conclusion, viz: that as he never saw it, he probably never NAMED it—never, "not even to his most intimate friends. Such being the case, we must seek for information in a later and more enlightened age. And here let me take occasion to remark, that oysters and intelligence are nearer allied than many persons imagine. The relations between physiology and psychology are beginning to be better understood. A man might be scintillant with facetiousness over a plump "Shrewsbury," who would make a very sorry figure over a bowl of water gruel.

The gentle, indolent Brahmin, the illiterate Laplander, the ferocious Libyan, the mercenary Frenchman, and the stolid (I beg your pardon) the stalwart Englishman, are not more various in their mental capacities than in their table appetites. And even in this country we see that wit and oysters come in together with September, and wit and oysters, go out together in May—a circumstance not without its weight, and peculiarly pertinent to the subject-matter. With this brief, but not irrelevant digression, I will proceed. We have "Ostreum" from the Latins, "Ostrea" from the Saxons, "Auster" from the Teutons, "Ostra," from the Spaniards, and "Huître" from the French—words evidently of common origin—threads spun from the same stuff! And here our archæology narrows to a point, and this point is the pearl we are in search of, viz: the genesis of most excellent fish.

"Words evidently derived from common origin." What origin? Let us examine the venerable page of history. Where is the first mention made of oysters? Hudibras says:

"The Emperor Caligula,
Who triumphed o'er the British seas,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners (mark that)
And lobsters, 'stead of calvarios;
Engaged his legions in fierce battles
With periwinkles, prawns and muscles,
And led his troops with furious gallop,
To charge whole regiments of scallops;
Not, like their ancient way of war,
To wait on their triumphant car,
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely met his captives up,
Leaving all war by his example,
Reduced—to victualing of a sump-well!"

This is the first mention in the classics of oysters; and we now approach the cynosure of inquiry. From this we infer that oysters came originally from Britain. The word is unquestionably primitive. The broad, open, wavelly sound is, beyond a doubt, the primal spontaneous thought, that found utterance when the soft, seductive mollusc first exposed its white bosom in its pearly shell to the enraptured gaze of aboriginal man! Is there a question about it? Does not every one know, when he sees an oyster, that *that is its name*?

And hence we reason that it originated in Britain, was latinized by the Romans, replevined by the Saxons, corrupted by the Teutons, and finally barbarized by the French. Oh, philological ladder by which we mount upward until we emerge beneath the clear vertical light of truth!

Metaphysics I see the First Oyster Eater! A brawny, naked savage, with his wild hair matted over his wild eyes, a zodiac of fiery stars tattooed across his muscular breast—unclothed, unsanctified, and hungry—he breaks through the underwoods that margin the beach and stands alone hand but his unsuccessful boar-spear, and nothing in the other but his fist.

There he beholds a splendid panorama! The West all a glow; the conscious waves blushing as a warm sun sinks to their embraces, the blue sea on his left, the interminable forest on his right, and the creamy sea-sand curving in delicate tracery between. A picture and a child of nature! Delightfully he plunges in the foam & swims to the bald crown of a rock that uplifts above the waves. Seating himself, he gazes upon the calm expanse beyond, and swells his huge against the moss that spins its filly tendrils in the brine. Suddenly he utters a cry; springs up; the blood streams from his foot, with barbarous fury he tears up masses of sea-moss, and with it clustering families of testacea.

Dashing them down upon the rock, he perceives a liquor exuding from the fragments; he sees the white pulpy, delicate morsel half-hidden in the cracked shell, and instantly reaching upward, his hand finds his mouth, and amidst a savage, triumphant deglutition, he murmurs—"OYSTER!" Champing in his uncouth fashion bits of shell and sea weed, with

uncontrollable pleasure he masters this mystery of a new sensation, and not until the grey veil of night is drawn over the distant waters does he leave the rock, covered with the trophies his victory.

We date from this epoch the maritime history of England. Ere long, the reedy cabins of her aborigines clustered upon the banks of beautiful inlets, and overspread her long lines of level beaches; or penciled with delicate wreaths of smoke the savage aspect of her rocky coasts. The sword was beaten into the oyster knife, and the spear into oyster-rakes. Commerce spread her white wings along the shores of happy Albion, and man emerged at once into civilization from a nomadic state. From the people arose the mighty nation of Ostrogoths; the customs of Ostroacism—that is, sending political delinquents to that place where they can get no more oysters.

There is a strange fatality attending all discoveries. Our Briton saw a mighty change come over his country—a change beyond the reach of memory or speculation. Neighboring tribes, formerly hostile, were now linked together in bonds of unity. A sylvan, war-like people had become a peaceful, piscivorous community; and he himself, once the lowest of his race, was now elevated above the dreams of his ambition. He stood alone upon the seashore, looking toward the rock, which, years ago, had been his stepping stone to power, and a desire to revisit it came over him. He stands not upon it. The season, the hour, the western sky, remind him of former times. He sits and meditates. Suddenly a flush of pleasure overspreads his countenance; for there, just below the flood, he sees a gigantic bivalve—alone—with mouth agape, as if yawning with very weariness at the solitude in which it found itself.

What I am about to describe may be untrue. But I believe it. I have heard of the wags' propensities of oysters. I have known, from mere humor, to clap suddenly upon a rat's tail at night, and what with the squeaking and the clatter, we verily thought the devil had broke loose in the cellar.

Moreover, I am told upon another occasion, when a demijohn of brandy had burst, a large "Blue Pointer" was found, lying in a little pool of liquor, just drunk enough to be careless of consequences—opening and shutting his shell with a "devil-may-care" air, as if he didn't value anybody a brass farthing, but was going to be as noisy as he possibly could.

But to return. When our Briton saw the oyster in his defenceless attitude, he knelt down and gradually reaching his arm toward it, he suddenly thrust his fingers in the aperture, and the oyster closed upon him with a spasmodic snap! In vain the Briton tugged and reared, he might as well have tried to uproot the solid rock as to move the oyster! In vain he called upon his heathen gods—Gog and Magog—older than Woden and older than with huge, uncouth, Druidical d--ns, consigned all shell fish to Nidhogg, Hela and the submarines.

Bivalve held on with "a will." It was nuts for him certainly. Here was a great lubberly, chuckle-headed fellow, and destroyer of his tribe, with his fingers in chancery, and the tide rising! A fellow who had thought, like an ancient Pistol, to make the world his oyster, and here was the oyster making a world of him, strange mutation! The poor Briton raised his eyes; there were the huts of his people; he could even distinguish his own, with its slender spiral of smoke; they were probably preparing a roast for him; how he detested a roast! Then the thought of his wife, his little ones awaiting him, tugged at his heart. The water rose around him. He struggled, screamed in his anguish, but the useless waste despised the sounds, and ere the evening mists arose and shrouded her white radiance upon the placid waves, the last bellow had rolled over the FIRST OYSTER EATER!

Benjamin Franklin Wade.

Several of our contemporaries in this State are speaking out their sentiments of admiration for this bold and eloquent companion of liberty, now the only representative of Ohio in the United States Senate. Mr. Pugh is Senator, it is true, because he holds the legal certificate to that effect; but he knows very well that the sentiments he professes to hold are foreign to the breasts of the people. On the other hand, Mr. Wade's course in the Senate, during the time when liberty and good faith were being crucified at the behest of a bogus Democracy, was such as to illustrate and embody the attachment to freedom and free institutions, which culminated last year in a majority of seventy-five thousand against the candidates of the Nebraska, Slavery-extension party.

Probably no man in Congress, hailing from the free States, is more feared or respected by the pro-slavery faction than Frank Wade. While he is cool and collected in debate his utterances in the cause of truth have power to sting the champions of slavery-art-tocracy in the most vital part. Although they are compelled to write under the well planted blows of his eloquence, and would gladly be rid of such a fearless censor of their unwholesome schemes for subverting the government, his personal courage, is so far above suspicion in their minds that the idea of bullying him out of the Senate finds no encouragement. It is only by producing direct injury among his constituents at home, upon minor questions, that they and their party satellites in Ohio hope to prevent his return to the Senate and thus relieve themselves from the restraints which his presence and voice impose. No truer or more influential man is in the State, and we hope the people he so ably and truly represents will see to it that his return to that body is not defeated by any of the tergiversancy of party politics—Sandusky Reg.

Tom Thumb is not married, as reported. His reported wife is only a nurse hired to comb his head wash his face, and the like.

Burning a Negro Slave.

From the New Orleans Delta, June 5.
A few weeks since, Miss Thornton, an interesting young girl, residing near Gaston, Ala., was most brutally murdered by a slave. Immediately after the murder, and detection of the negro, his immediate punishment was seriously contemplated by the people of Sumpter county, but after mature deliberation, the law-abiding citizens delivered him into the custody of the proper officers, and he was committed to prison.

At the last term of Circuit Court of Sumpter county, the Attorney appointed by the Court in the discharge of his duty, moved for a change of venue to Green county. The Judge, as the motion was sustained by the proper affidavit, granted the application.

On Wednesday, the 23d ult., the citizens of South Sumpter assembled en masse, at Mr. Wm. McElroy's and unanimously passed a series of resolutions, reflecting seriously upon the conduct of the Judge, and after having pledged themselves to sustain each other, a portion of them proceeded to Livingston, and took the miserable criminal by force from the jail where he was confined.

On Friday following, after due preparation, they carried him to the spot where he so cruelly murdered his innocent victim, and burnt him alive at the stake.

About three thousand persons were present, who witnessed, with various emotions, the dreadful spectacle.

"We were present," says the editors of the Marion (Miss) Republican, "but hope that we will never witness a scene like it. The pyre was composed of several cords of light wood, in the centre of which was a green willow stake selected in consequence of its indestructibility by fire."

"On the top of the pile of light wood the criminal was placed and securely chained to the stake. While in this situation he confessed his guilt, stating that he had no accomplice, that he was actuated by lust alone that he had attempted to violate her person, but had failed, and to conceal the attempt, he had cruelly murdered her by beating the poor innocent creature with a stump, that while doing this she implored him to carry her home to her father and that she would conceal the violence he had inflicted. He then left her, but soon returned, and after again beating her, he concealed the body in the very hole where the stake was planted to which he suffered."

"After this confession was made, the match was applied, and in a few moments the devouring flames were enveloping the doomed negro; his fearful cries resounded through the air, while the surrounding negroes who witnessed his dreadful agony and horrible contortions, sent up an involuntary howl of horror. His sufferings, though excruciating, were short; in a few minutes the flames had enveloped him entirely, revealing a demon of fire, grinning as if in hellish triumph, at his tormentors. Soon all was over, nothing was left but the burning flesh and charred skeleton of this human devil who could thus deliberately perpetrate so foul a crime. The horrible outrage was fearfully avenged, and though the heavens were rocking with the stench of burning flesh, yet justice was satisfied; the law of retaliation was inflicted as nearly as it could be, while the example made of this wretch had, no doubt, a salutary effect upon the two thousand slaves who witnessed his execution."

The Boy and Man.—A few years ago there was in the city of Boston a portrait painter whose name was Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England to try his fortune there. He had a son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law; and when he entered upon the practice of his profession his mind was richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The King and his Cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and the influence he had acquired, felt it important to secure his services for the Government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which a subject can attain, so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England.

About sixty years ago he was a poor, little boy in Boston, his father a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now he is at the head of the nobility in England, one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry; the studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in college when other boys were idle; he studied in college when other young men wasted their time. He ever adopted for his motto, "Ultra pergere," (press onward); and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school deciding the question whether you will be useful or respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of mis-spent boyhood.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law; and when he entered upon the practice of his profession his mind was richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The King and his Cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and the influence he had acquired, felt it important to secure his services for the Government. They therefore raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which a subject can attain, so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England.

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